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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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JUST TO KEEP HER WORD.

"What shall I bring you when I come this way?" I asked of Margaret the other day.
"Peanuts or lilies, heliotrope or rose,
Or any flower that in my garden grows!"
"Oh, bring just what you like," she answered me.
"I'll take whatever it may chance to be,"
"You promise that?" said I, she answered, "Yes,
And, sir, I always keep my promise."
Last night I came again, and when we met
I said to her: "I've brought it, Margaret—
The gift I promised. 'Tis not flowers, you see,
Because you left the choice of it to me."
"But 'tis my heart," she pointed you would take
What I brought here; and now you must not break
Your word to me. No more your promise good,
And do, dear girl, just as you said you would."

CAUSE OF STUNTED TREES.

The stunted, scraggy growth of the underwood in a forest is generally attributed to the fact that the smaller trees are overshadowed by the taller ones, and thus deprived of the light and air necessary to their development. But M. Grandean, professor of the French School of Forestry, says that this stunted growth is caused by the larger trees acting as conductors, depriving the smaller ones of electricity. To test this view, he tried an experiment.

In April, 1877, he took two tobacco plants, each weighing 21 grammes, and having four leaves. They were both planted in boxes containing mould of identical quality, and placed side by side in a position favorable to their growth.

But one of them had placed over it a cage, consisting of four iron rods, one metre fifty centimetres high, joined at the top and covered with wire gauze, which permitted the free circulation of air, light and water, but completely protected the plant from the action of atmospheric electricity.

They were left undisturbed until the middle of August, when the results obtained were as follows: The plant in the open air had attained a height of 3 feet 5 inches, while the other was only 2 feet 4 inches; the former weighed 270 grammes and the latter 144 grammes; when dried, their respective weights were 30 grammes and 151 grammes.

Similar experiments made with maize and wheat gave precisely analogous results, so that M. Grandean has come to the conclusion that the electricity of the atmosphere is equally necessary to vegetation as sunlight and air.

AUSTIN JUSTICE.

"What!" exclaimed an Austin Justice to a colored culprit, "have you the audacity to say you do not recognize this pocket-book?"

"Yes, sah."

"But it was found in your possession."

"In my what, did yer say, Judge?"

"In your possession. This pocket-book was found in your pocket, sir."

"Judge, you has done two stories about dat ar. First, yer said 'it was found' in my possession, and den yer 'towed hit was found' in my pocket. Bofe dem yams can't be true. Ef de Judge on de bench can't tell de troof hit's no wonder dat a poor miserable nigger like me got led astray."

The Justice drew a long breath, and, once more producing the pocket-book, said:

"You denied just now that you had ever seen this pocket-book. I now ask you again, did you ever see this pocket-book before?"

"Why, of course. Hit am de same one you showed me a while ago. Yer must be losing yer mind, Judge."

Remanded to jail without bail—*Texas Siftings.*

In dress trimmings, the taste for embroidery increases. The former is worked on the material in cycles, etc., like Madeira or Scotch work, and used as scanty frills and borders, and it is now seen on skirts and velvets. Fineness are gathered, not killed, and the lower edge is often cut into scallops, and lined with a contrasting color.

SHE THOUGHT THE DOCTOR OUGHT TO KNOW.

A little Old City girl was taken sick, and her parents called a doctor whom she did not like.

"Are you sick, Gracie?" asked the M. D., as he bent over his little patient.

The little lady looked at him a moment in the utmost disdain, and then, in a tone of the deepest earnestness, replied, as she turned her face from him:

"Well, I should think you ought to know. Do you suppose I am lying here in bed and taking your honor's old medicine for the fun of it?"

The doctor smiled.

THEY REPEATED OF THEMSELVES.

A Pennsylvania grand jury recently indicted a man for stealing an umbrella, and later, as they came out of the jury room to go home and observed that it had come out to rain, they gazed at a lot of umbrellas that stood in a rack and muttered softly to themselves, "What a fool in a fool!"—*Boston Post.*

HOW THE EXPRESS BUSINESS STARTED.

I have just found an old letter, addressed to me on the 27th of October, 1838, which led to results quite overpowering in their magnitude. The writer is William F. Harnden. He tells me that he has applied for a post of conductor upon the Western railroad, and solicits my influence, as Treasurer of the road, "should you think me worthy of the office." Harnden had been selling tickets at the Worcester railroad depot, but found this occupation much too sedentary for his active nature. He was a man who wished to be moving. For some reason, which I do not recall, Harnden did not get the conductorship; but his application brought me in contact with this lively, intelligent young fellow, who wished to be on the go, and I suggested to him a new sort of business which, in the hands of a bright man, I thought might be pushed to success. As Director and President of the Providence railroad, I was compelled to make weekly journeys to New York, where the bulk of our stock was held. The days of my departure were well known, and I was always met at the depot by a bevy of merchants' clerks, who wished to intrust packages of business papers, samples of goods and other light matters to my care. The mail establishment was at that time utterly insufficient to meet the wants of the public. The postage was 17 cents upon every separate lot of paper, and this was a burdensome tax upon the daily checks, drafts and receipts incident to mercantile transactions. I was ready to be of service to my friends, though some of them thought my good nature was imposed upon when they found that I was obliged to carry a large traveling-bag to receive their contributions. I kept this bag constantly in sight on my journey, and, upon arriving in New York, delivered it to a man whom the merchants employed to meet me and distribute its contents. Now, it occurred to me that there was an opportunity for somebody to do, for an adequate compensation, just what I was doing; for nothing, I pointed out to Mr. Harnden that the collection and delivery of parcels, as well as other transportation, might be undertaken by one responsible person, for whose service the merchants would be glad to pay. The suggestion fell upon fruitful soil. Harnden asked me for special facilities upon the Boston and Providence road, which I gladly gave him, and, with the opening of the year, he commenced regular trips (twice a week, I think he made them), bearing in his hand a small value, and that value contained in germ the immense express business—contained it as the acorn contains the forest oak that may come from it; but many generations are required to see the magnificence of the forests, while the growth of human enterprise extend to their wonderful maturity in one short life. Harnden's fate was that too common with pioneers and inventors. He built up a great business by steady industry, saw all its splendid possibilities, tried to realize them before the time was ripe, and died a poor man at the age of 31. In attempting to extend the express business to Europe he assumed risks that were ruinous, and the stalwart Vermont, Alvin Adams, took his place as chief in the great industry which had arisen under his hands.—*Joshua Quincy, in the Independent.*

EVERY EGG BROKE.

A farmer, carrying a basket of eggs, tried to steal a ride on a freight train, and when he came to want to get off the train didn't stop, and so he jumped off. The train wasn't going very fast, but he didn't understand getting away from it, and so got along several somersaults and stopped against a fence, with a wreathe around his neck and a red coat, and one ear pretty nearly torn off. He got up and took an inventory of the result, and, in his despair, lifted up his voice and said: "Gosh darn the gosh darn luck, anyhow! Every egg broke!"—*Boston Post.*

MIDDLE-AGED TRAVELERS CAN REMEMBER.

When native oysters were sold in London at 6 pence per dozen, and now they are thought cheap at six times the money, for it is a singular fact that they are at the moment dearer in London than they were in Rome when the Emperor Vitellius devoured them all day long and Cicero sustained his philosophy by swallowing scores of the Rutimpe luxuries brought from the coast of Kent. At a dinner at Versailles in 1798, M. Laporte, Registrar of the Tribunal, swallowed thirty-two dozen as a preliminary to dinner, and then complained that he could never get enough. Christopher North, in the "Notes Ambrosienne," describes how the Dietrich Shepherd never "had recourse to the earnest till after the bang hunder." The first fifty he devoured in their juices; pepper enabled him to get well into the second hundred, and it went hard, it with the stimulus of mustard, he could not reach the two gross. Vitellius, however, devoured 1,200 at each meal. And a certain Italian doctor is reported as having been eaten to forty dozen! But this is disgusting to the true and refined gourmet of the present day. Gluttony is not real enjoyment of the table, for the delicate perceptions of the palate soon elay. Let us be content with our modest dozen for lunch, or half-dozen before dinner, according to the custom of our generation.

JAPANESE ACTING.

The *Sevices* is a *Play-House* in Japan.

Prof. Morse thus describes a Japanese theater in a recent letter:

"The first time I attended one of these theaters I went at 10 o'clock in the morning. I had a lecture at 11, and several other matters of importance to attend to during the day, but for once in my life I cut my lecture, and never left the theater until 11 o'clock that night. The lighting, scenes and a Chinese importation. Upon being hit, the actors fall backward with great violence and stek their legs up in the air. I saw an actor represent one of the Samurai keeping an attacking party of peasants at bay with his fan. At last, when hard pressed by a great number of assailants armed with spears, clubs, etc., he said he must really draw his sword, and put his hand on the hilt for the purpose; whereupon the whole attacking party, thirty or forty in number, instantly fell on their backs, and stek their legs up in the air—which token of the prowess of their upper class gave much gratification to the audience. An orchestra caged up on one side of the stage keeps up a continual accompaniment, while an individual in a similar cage at the other side furnishes a constant supply of sighs, groans and yells, appropriate to the supposed emotions of the players.

"The plays are performed by men only, women parts being acted by them; or, if women appear at all, they take all parts, both sexes never appearing in the same play.

"A foreigner who wishes to understand the ancient customs, manners and dress of the people must attend the theaters. The spectacle of *harikiri* is performed with a ghastly facility to details which makes it memorable by a person of delicate sensibilities. The theater tickets are blocks of wood a foot square. Music among the Japanese does not enter into the life of the people as with us; it is not heard at the festive nor in the temple; there are no staid songs, nor does the exultation of victory find expression in music. The principal musical instruments are the *samisen*, a sort of harp, played with a small ivory instrument; the *koto*, a harp, which rests on the ground, has movable leidges, and is played with very thin-like shields upon the fingers; the *sho*, a bowl-shaped vessel with a number of upright needles rising from it, with vents near the lower ends governed by the fingers of both hands, giving an effect like that of the bagpipe; and the *biwa* or flute."

JUDGE BLACK BEFORE THE SUPREME COURT.

The following joke is related at the expense of Judge Jerry Black while he was arguing the *McGarrahan* case before the Supreme Court, in Washington, some years ago:

One day, while speaking on some motion, Black discovered, at the close of a two hours' oration, that the entire bench, including the Chief Justice, was sound asleep. Much incensed, he gathered up his papers and left the room. Meeting the Chief Justice at a dinner at Secretary Fish's that evening, Black angrily commented on the occurrence.

"Why, my dear Judge," said Mr. Chase, with an amused expression, "I thought you would be the last man on earth to object to such a thing. The fact was that all the Justices were so fatigued from the President's reception last night that this morning we consulted together and agreed to hear you on some motion or other so that we could all enjoy a good square nap. We supposed you had been on the bench for so long that you'd know how it was yourself."

"The devil you did!" said the old, flat-bottomed legal luminary.

"Yes; but you needn't alarm yourself, my dear Black. The shorthand reporter made a full memorandum of your remarks."

"Did he?" snapped the Judge.

"Why, he was asleep, too!"

"The devil he was," exclaimed the Chief Justice, very much vexed. "I always did trust that fellow. In that case, my dear Judge, we will have to rely on the janitor."

LOXOFELLOW WROTE FORTY-TWO DISTINCT BOOKS.

Many of them have been translated into thirteen different languages. The sale of Loxofellow's works from 1839 to 1867 amounted to 325,550 volumes. From 1867 to 1882 there were sold 194,000 copies of his collected works, in four different editions. In 1881 more than 45,000 copies of his works were sold, and in the same year 15,000 copies of the "Birthday Book," edited by Miss Bates. It is estimated that in Great Britain and Ireland not less than 30,000 of his books are sold annually.

VELVET FROM WOOL.

The novel and interesting process announced some time since, in France, by which the wool on sheepskin may be transformed into velvet, is likely to prove of industrial importance. Up to the present time sheepskins, tanned with oils, have only been used for mats, linings of coats, etc., and the wool, not having been subjected to any preparation, is always matted or curled. Observing that the innumerable fibers are naturally disposed in the most regular and perfect order, peculiarly fit for velveting, an ingenious chemist conceived the idea of cleansing the skin and wool of all impurities, and of so preparing and dressing them that the hairs would be well preserved, and not entangled one with the other—the occurrence of the latter contingency being, of course, fatal to the success of the operation. After long and continuous experiments, success has been achieved, the article produced being alike beautiful and serviceable, and, destined, it is thought, to become a permanent and important article of manufacture.

IT WAS A MAN FROM THE GREAT STATE OF OHIO WHO IMPINNED THE TIDY FROM A CHAIR.

In a Washington parlor and wiped his nose on it. He thought it was a great improvement over hunting around for a handkerchief.

PRESERVING SARDINES.

Not less than 30,000 persons are engaged in the sardine fishery in France, and fully as many find occupation in "preserving" this fish. A writer in the *Journal of the Society of Arts* says that in taking the sardine the bait, which is called *rogue*, plays an important part. This lure is a kind of caviare made from the eggs of a cod preserved in brine, 35,000 barrels of which are imported from Norway every year.

When the position of a shoal is ascertained, the nets are let down and the master of the boat throws the bait, mixed with sand to cause it to sink, into the water. Emerald-green flashes on the surface of the water denote the rise of some of the fish. Then the bait is liberally cast out, and soon the whole shoal rises into the nets. At one time a boat could take 20,000 sardines, but now it is rare to bring in more than 5,000 to 6,000 at a trip. When the boats land the sardines are taken to the factories in hampers containing about 500 apiece. There women cut off the heads of the fish, open and clean the bodies, and place each fish, one by one, on stone or marble slabs, previously strewn with salt. While this preliminary drying is going on the fires are lighted and the purest olive oil is put into immense cauldrons. When the oil is boiling the sardines are laid in layers in iron-wire baskets provided with handles. These baskets are plunged into the oil and then placed on shelves covered with zinc to drain. When they are moderately dry they are taken to the large drying-rooms, exposed to the sea-breeze, and as they remain until they are fit to be bottled and put into boxes. The largest are considered the finest, and the small ones are frequently passed off as anchovies.

THE WHIND INFIRMITY.

In a certain Michigan village there lived, a decade since, a man known as Judge Simpson. No one could remember of his having served in any capacity to gain the title, but he acquired it somehow, and had dignity enough for a whole empire bench. The Judge was an eccentric citizen, well liked, but he had a terrible bad breath. No one would ride with him, few would talk with him, and everybody wondered why he didn't eat onions for a change. No one had the courage to mention the matter, and yet something must be done or the Judge would be ostracized. In this emergency along came one of the first tramps ever seen in the State. At the first house where he called for a bite the man called him in and said:

"My friend, are you a brave man?"

"Well, I never took a back seat yet?"

"Do you want to earn \$2?"

"Try me once."

"Very well. You see that white building beside the postoffice? (It up stairs, turn to the left, and you will find a red-faced, bald-headed man called Judge. What I want you to do is to ask him why he doesn't chew cloves for his infirmity."

"I'll do it."

"That's all. Simply ask the question and I'll hand you the cash."

The tramp went his way, and the citizen took his station on a street corner. He saw the brave man go up, and he saw him come down. He went up gracefully enough, but when he came down he bumped every separate stair, and as he gathered himself up at the bottom a boot lifted him clear into the gutter. He started for the river on a dead run, and never stopped for half a mile. Then the citizen overtook him and asked:

"Well, was the Judge in?"

"He was!"

"And you put the question?"

"Don't I look as if I did? Say, what infirmity has he got?"

"A bad breath."

"The dence! What a fool I was! Why, I thought his infirmity was in his feet, and when he gave me that first tiff I was so taken back that he got in two left-handers on my jaw before I began to fall! Two dollars! Why, I'm damaged to the extent of two millions!"—*Free Press.*

MAKING NEWSPAPERS.

"There is nothing in the paper," said a young friend, dashing it to the floor.

"No news at all; it's miserable, stupid." Look again, my dear friend, at the carefully-printed columns; the different headings; foreign, home and domestic news; the wit and humor. Think, for a moment, when you gaze at it, how the editor has tried to please you. There is probably no class of men more overworked than these; no labor more wearing than mental labor. It is so easy to cry out: "Nothing in the paper," for those who know little of the drudgery, the pains-taking, the hours of mental weariness, the tedious compositions. It is a common saying, when a person is not exactly suited, to exclaim, "There is nothing in the paper." In a railroad car I once observed two gentlemen purchase of the same edition of a paper. One soon handed his to a neighbor, exclaiming, "Here, Sam, have the morning paper? There is nothing in it to-day; it is hardly worth reading."

The other gentleman continued to be absorbed. Presently the man by his side asked him what interested him so much.

"Everything; the paper is well gotten up this morning; the editorials are especially due." This proven that what pleases one does not suit the other. Be assured it is no child's play to edit and conduct a newspaper; it is a very tedious, important, responsible position, and the man who manages a well-circulated, satisfactory newspaper has almost the wisdom of a Solomon. Let those who don't take the editor's place for a while; nothing more is needed for a grumbler. Our friend, when she is tempted to make such silly remarks, had better pause to consider whether the fault be in the paper or her silly little head.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

THE NAME OF FREDELINGHUYSEN.

Secretary of State Fredelinghuyzen is a nephew of Theodore Fredelinghuyzen, who ran for Vice President on the ticket with Henry Clay, and was a distinguished member of what was called the "singing wing of the Whig party."

The name of Fredelinghuyzen was for some time a stunner to the campaign song writers—that was a singing campaign—but was finally got over as follows:

A rooster jumped upon the fence, Just as the sun was risen, And clucked the wings and crowed, he did, For Clay and Fredelinghuyzen.

The Democrats found out that it also rhymed with "pizen"—a discovery which they celebrated in verse. Mrs. Fredelinghuyzen was a daughter of George Griswold, a merchant prince of New York, a man of cultivated literary tastes and the friend of Irving, N. P. Willis, and the men of letters of New York fifty years ago.

The damage done by rats on the pigs he slaughter houses of Paris represents an annual loss to the city of 50,000 francs. It is impossible to exterminate the destructive animals. All that can be done is to thin their ranks a little now and again by organizing monster battues.

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The Republican Convention.

We were present at the republican convention held here on Wednesday, and were an attentive observer of that body, and we take pleasure in testifying to the respectable appearance of its members, and to the orderly and decorous manner in which they conducted the business before them. Every thing was done decently and in good humor, and apparently in perfect harmony, and with loud manifestations, whether genuine or assumed, of enthusiasm and confidence in a coming victory. But the pains taken by the several eloquent speakers to belittle the recently sustained by the party in Garrard, Lincoln, Madison and elsewhere, together with their vociferous "no-help-me-Gods" and "by-the-eternal-Gods" about carrying the flag to victory in November, to a calm spectator, did seem to betray a consciousness on their part of immediate necessity for offering consolation to the killed and wounded in the late so-called "skirmish." Whether a party which has just been whipped, routed, run over, pulverized and scattered in several counties, where they have heretofore had their own way, can be made happy and confident again by the mere declaration that their drubbings were received in a skirmish, remains to be seen. However that may be, we dare say there is many a mutilated and used up republican, who to-day heartily curses himself for going into that skirmish, and who will hereafter be just a little shy even about a regular battle. Getting "wore out," as these poor fellows did, while serving as skirmishers for General Bradley, is neither profitable nor amusing—except to democrats.

A prominent feature of all the orations and other deliveries of the convention, was the emphatic and oft-repeated reminder to their colored brethren of their immense and irredeemable indebtedness to the republican party for their freedom. Every orator had to "holler" into the ears of the darkies, "we set you free!" And lest this might not be sufficiently impressive, the convention unanimously resolved that they were entitled to the glory of setting them free—four millions of them. Now, we think this is a little hard on the colored man. If the republican party set him free, it did so voluntarily, and because it thought it right, and if it was right, the colored man owes nothing for it. But he is regarded and treated by the white republicans as though he had been liberated for a consideration—liberated under a solemn contract by which he is to be forever held indebted to them in such a manner that he must render perpetual service at the polls. It is not pleasant to be in debt under any circumstances, but to owe a debt which can never be paid, and to have it thrown into his face every day of his life, we insist, is a very unhappy condition for a human creature to be placed in.

But however true it may be that the republican party, as a party, did mainly contribute to the liberation of the colored race, it is unblushing hypocrisy for Kentucky republicans to claim any credit for it. For it is a historical truth that 99 out of every 100 of them were strenuously opposed to their emancipation, and that they resented as an insult every intimation that they favored it, and that they stubbornly persisted in this until forced by Northern sentiment to acquiesce in it. These very Kentuckians, who are now every day boasting of the liberation of the negro as the greatest achievement of the age, and who are claiming, yea, demanding, the subject political servitude of the black man on account of it—every one of them, with a rare exception, opposed his liberation with all their might when the question of his freedom was at its crisis.

What evidence have the Kentucky republicans given the colored man, since his liberation, that they are his special and affectionate friends? What more have they done for him than the democrats have done? Have they given him more employment, or better wages, assisted him more when in want or affliction, or in any way exhibited more genuine kindness and sympathy toward him than democrats? And how have they treated him politically in this State? What political favors have they conferred upon him, or rather what political privilege have they permitted him to enjoy, save that of voting for them? A few days ago one of these deluded men—a very decent and respectable colored man of Garrard county—was a candidate for the office of jailer, and the woe-wort fact of his candidacy threw the entire party into convulsions, and caused such discussions and debates as to occasion

the total defeat of the party in that county. Does this look like genuine friendship for the negro, and a sincere desire to elevate him in the scale of manhood, on the part of the white republicans, or does it look like downright unadulterated hypocrisy?

Now and then a hollow compliment is paid to one of the race for political effect, but care is always taken that nothing of a substantial or valuable nature is given him. A notable instance of this kind was the selection of Geo. W. Gentry, of this county, as their candidate for Elector in 1881—a position without any compensation or real value whatever. And they even denied to him in that case, the privilege of acquiring such distinction as he might here, and as men in such positions always do, by canvassing the district. We venture to say there is not another instance on record where a candidate for elector failed to make a single speech during the entire campaign for which he was appointed.

Surely it is high time that these colored people were opening their eyes to the outrageous manner in which they are being duped by their alleged benefactors, and high time for them to emancipate themselves from the political slavery in which they are being held.

JOE BLACKBURN and Will Owens opened the canvass for the congressional nomination in the seventh district Monday. Blackburn led off, and his 45-minute effort was mainly a review of his service in Congress and the good things he had done for the country. Owens followed and devoted an hour to about as salty talk as windy Joe ever listened to, and it is said that he fairly squirmed in his seat. He denied that Joe had ever accomplished any good for the party, but on the contrary had done it incalculable injury by his ill advised and free-acting expressions, which had furnished campaign capital for the speech of the enemy and given them subjects for their transparencies. He blamed him for getting into the wordy warfare with the ignoble Burbridge and for calling Senator Williams a liar and then backing out of it. Other deeds of commission as well as of omission were commented on amid the most vociferous cheers of the Owens crowd. He thought the State had had enough of the Blackburn family, and he intended, with the help of his constituency, to retire at least one of them. Blackburn had a 15 minute rejoinder, and it is said that he fairly made the room rock with the fumes of brimstone. The canvass will be a purely personal one, and as it is to last for four weeks and every day in the week except Sunday, a red-hot time is assured, and Owens will no doubt have occasion to see whether, as he charged, Blackburn does more talking and less fighting than any man in the country.

SENATOR BEN HILL, who for the last few months has suffered many deaths of cancer of the tongue, died at 6:15 A. M. Wednesday. Conscious of his approaching end, he had arranged all his earthly affairs, and anxiously awaited the summons. His last words, before choking to death, were: "Almost home," which he said in a distinct and audible tone. He was born in Georgia, in September 1823, and no other man of his State, except Stephens, has been so honored as he, having been chosen to fill nearly every office from the smallest to the greatest. He was a very successful lawyer, and had amassed a large fortune at the practice of his profession. His place will be hard to fill, for he has stood nobly by the South, on every and all occasions.

It is reported from Washington that Jay Hubbell has refused to furnish any of the corruption fund for the Chalmers bolt in Mississippi. If this is so, he has found out that Chalmers would do to waste money on, or he has put out the report himself to throw democrats off their guard. If there is the ghost of a chance for Chalmers, not only Hubbell's congressional committee, but the administration also, will throw their influence and money for him.

JACOB got only 91 votes in Morgan county, the home of Tom Henry, while the latter got 1581. This is pretty good evidence of how the people regard him at home, and is the best endorsement we ever knew. His majority in the State continues to climb as the back counties are heard from, and it will not fall short of 50,000.

THE Boston Globe says: The New York democrats have decided not to attempt the repurchase of John Kelly. As Kelly gave all the proceeds of his sale to the republican party, it does not look as if it would be particularly profitable for the democrats to pay anything for his return.

THE Bankers are in Convention at Saratoga.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Geo. Deering, grain dealer at Louisville, has assigned. Liabilities \$10,000.

—The Sprague Mansion at Canonsville, was sold at auction Tuesday, by order of the trustee, to Frank D. Moulton, of New York, for \$62,250.

—The Sultan has peremptorily ordered Arslan Pasha to lay down his arms. If he refuses, the Sultan will leave him to be dealt with by the English.

—The Governor has received another installment of the Kentucky war claim, amounting to \$36,311 81. This goes to the credit of the military fund.

—The First National Bank of Keweenaw, Ill., was robbed of \$10,000 on Tuesday. The acting cashier and his lady assistant, after being gagged and left in the vault, remained confined for about an hour.

—One hundred and fifty millions of Three-and-a-half-per-cent. bonds have already been surrendered by National Banks alone, and there is every reason to believe the amount received from these banks will aggregate nearly \$180,000,000.

—General Sir Garnet Wolseley, with the authority of the Khedive, has issued a proclamation to the people of Egypt, presenting the whole object of the British to restore the authority of the Khedive. It says all peaceful inhabitants will be kindly treated, no quarter will be respected, and all supplies paid for. General Wolseley adds he will be glad to receive all chiefs who are disposed to assist in suppressing the rebellion.

—The convention held at Mt. Sterling by the democrats broke up in a row. There was such a fight between the Adams and Kendall factions that it took three hours to elect a permanent chairman. Finally a small faction bolted and drew off from the main body, passing resolutions in favor of J. W. Kendall for Congress. The main convention, which evidently favored Matt Adams, passed a resolution calling primary elections for the 17th to determine what candidate the Montgomery county democracy will support.

"PRAISE THE LORD."

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Aug. 11th, 1882.

Dear Interior: I have been through Indianapolis a score of times, yet have never been in it until this visit. We came via the Pan Handle route from Dayton, changing cars at Richmond, which is a great annoyance at night to parties having multitudinous parcels to shift, as we had. I often think, when we travel, of Mr. Peter Magnus, on the Liverpool coach, with his portmanteau, his brown paper parcel, his leather hat box, and all the trouble they gave him. Arrived at the Indiana capital a little before midnight, and were soon in our beds at the Occidental Hotel, where we had been advised by telegram to stop. Promptly next morning, kind friends welcomed us to our new sphere of labor. Bro. Talbot, the good and plucky Methodist minister, who had the courage to offer us the use of his church, headed the welcoming party. Bro. L. G. Hay, a minister of the Presbyterian church, and a former fellow laborer with us in Northern Indiana, seconded the delegation; E. Sharpe, Esq., Banker, and Mr. Carr, both men of high position in society, made up the quartette of receptive courtesy. It certainly does make a great difference, whether you are greeted with open arms, or a cold shoulder. Fancy our appreciation of it, after the forty days and forty nights in the Dayton wilderness.

And ever since our arrival, every thing has been in such violent contrast with Dayton, that we hardly recognize ourselves in the new role. What does it all mean, we ask again and again, and all that we can say is: PRAISE THE LORD. For first, and foremost and best, we have the respectful attendance and hearty support of the preachers in great numbers, and from nearly all the different denominations. They take us by the hand, they bid us "God speed," they encourage their people to come, and they give us unspeakable joy. Would you believe it, I am invited to the minister's meeting to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock, and what is more, I'm going "if the LORD wills." This answers the prayer of nearly six years standing, which I knew would be answered sooner or later.

In the second place, we are holding services in one of the very first churches in Indianapolis, in the heart of the city, not in a mission chapel, in an out-of-the-way place, where one may speak for weeks before he is known to be there at all, and then for weeks more, before he can attract a stream of hearers, seized from the worn channels where men and women are accustomed to drift from mere force of habit. This is an advantage not to be despised. And we are glad to start in at the Meridian street Methodist church, with a membership of over 600 as a nucleus of the meeting that will soon gather around that center. Thirdly, there is a glorious band of praying and working saints; the cream of all the churches, who stand ever ready to lend a helping hand to any honest faithful laborer in the vineyard of the LORD, irrespective of denominational lines. These we have, heartily, with us. These are "cups of refreshment," which we rejoice in, though never leaning on them a moment. Only the dear LORD will do to us. Faith looks to Jesus, not to circumstances. We trust HIM alone for a glorious harvest. In recounting these mercies, we must not neglect mention of the "Fourth Estate"—the newspapers. The four dailies are all favorable. The Journal, (rep.) the Sentinel, (dem.) and the Times and News, (both Centennial, morning and evening) have all noticed the services most kindly and continuously.

A ride through the city the day after arrival, gave the impression, strengthened by our subsequent journey, that Indianapolis is a beautiful city; as elegant as Dayton, and three times as large. Meridian street, the street for residences, is only excelled by Euclid avenue, in Cleveland, among all the lovely streets I have known in America. The people are more like Kentuckians than anywhere we have been north of the river.

So things are *adieu de pace* just now. The LORD is good. HE knows how much we could bear, and never crushes his children; only develops them, by the burdens laid on them, in measure suited to their strength and capacity. And this is ever the way:

"After the storm a calm,
After the breeze a balm,
And all brings good in the Lord's good time,
And the high jubilee is nigh."
The "House Beautiful" with its "Charmers of Peace, feeling the sun-rising" follows closely on the "Hill of Difficulty" and the grim "line" in the pathway. PRAISE THE LORD. We board at the Occidental Hotel, with a street-car to carry us within a square of the church, in bad weather, or a walk of five squares in good. This we prefer during this delicious October weather, which has somehow or other, crept into August. Pray for us. Ever in Jesus,
GEO. O. BARNES.

LINCOLN COUNTY.

Highland.

—Born to the wife of J. W. Long, a girl a few days ago.

—Mr. McNally of Michigan was at our place yesterday looking for a farm. W. R. Cook will teach school at the Maple Swamp school-house.

—Miss Robinson brought her organ to the M. E. Church last Sunday, and she and Mr. Rice, of Cincinnati gave us some nice music for the Sabbath School.

—Daniel Skidmore fell off a stump and broke his arm. On the same day H. W. Long had his leg broken just above the ankle by jumping out of a wagon during a run away. He fell in such a position that the wagon in going over a puncheon bridge jumped on his leg, crushing the bone through the skin nearly two inches. He is in a very precarious condition and his physician says amputation alone can save him. LATER.—He died Wednesday night.

CASEY COUNTY.

Liberty.

—Our School Commissioner has concluded to hold an Institute, and it will begin on the first Monday in September, and continue four or five days. Every teacher in the county is expected to attend.

—Mr. Samuel Mounts, of Hustonville, was in town last Sunday. Miss Mattie Coffey is with Miss Sallie Tanner, at McKlenny, and will take in the Association. Mrs. Dodd, of Lincoln, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Cabell.

The difficulty in which old man Milton Woods was killed was brought about by Greenville Crockett drawing his knife across Woods' throat. Woods then stabbed him in the breast, the knife striking the center of the breast bone. Robert and Dock Crockett then came to the assistance of their brother, and the three shot and stabbed old man Woods until he was dead. Robert and Dock Crockett and a man by the name of Thompson, who stood by and urged the boys to kill the old man, left for parts unknown, but Dock was subsequently arrested and lodged in jail. Greenville Crockett has been arrested, but is too sick to be brought to jail. He is being tended, and James Martin, another man who urged the boys to kill the old man, has been arrested and is in jail. Trial set for Thursday afternoon.

—We gave you last week what we supposed was the result of the election. Below we give it as it really is: A. E. Richards, Judge of Supreme Court, 375; R. T. Jacobs, Clerk of Superior Court, 535; T. J. Henry, Clerk of Supreme Court, 285. For County Judge—Winston Bowman, Ind., 747; A. R. Clark, dem., 535; Capt. Raines, rep., 245. County Attorney—Silas Adams, rep., 770; W. V. Reppert, dem., 755. County Clerk—T. W. Wash, 1,400; no opposition. Sheriff—J. J. Tate, dem., 936; Dick Gibney, Ind., 575. Jailor—A. Christian, Ind., 730; W. H. Wilkinson, dem., 623. Assessor—Jasper Cochran, rep., 870; J. A. Smith, 681. Coroner—Scott Wilson, Ind., 481; J. D. Merrill, dem., 375; George Alstort, rep., 188. Surveyor—M. W. Penn, Ind., 788; A. A. Wolford, dem., 282; John Durham, rep., 327. For the school tax 668; against school tax, 513. W. H. Brown and Calvin Jeffers, both republicans, were elected Justices of the Peace in this precinct.

—Mr. Linsey Weatherford and wife, and Mrs. Vandyke and daughter, who lived on the Holtzberg Fork, near the Marietta county line, all died with Flux last week. Quite a number of other persons in the same locality are not expected to get well. A number of our citizens have had Malarial Fever, and Marion Sweeney, Miss Cora Whipp and Miss Ella Bowman are at present confined to their beds by it. Mrs. W. W. Brown had a severe chill on the morning of the 11th, and died in about one hour afterwards, and was buried at Rush Creek Church at 4 o'clock P. M. on the 12th. She was a good Christian woman, and all who knew her loved her. Mrs. Mary Whipp composed and handed the following verses, which are very appropriate:

But one to life and one to death,
One to our hope of rest above;
One in our joy, our trust, our faith,
One in each other's faithful love.
Yea, must we part, and parting, weep,
What else has earth for us in store?
Our farewell pangs, how sharp and deep,
But soon we'll meet to part no more.

MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

—Jack Adams, Jr., sold to Col. R. J. White, of Madison, eight head of cattle for \$350.

—Don Quinn, who is charged with killing a man named Matthews at Livingston some weeks ago, was brought here Wednesday by the sheriff of Laurel county and lodged in jail. The grand jury, now in session, will investigate the killing.

—The grand jury returned two indictments for murder against James Bishop A. S. Henderson and William Hysler. One indictment is for the killing of Mary Sigman, the other for the killing of Betty Sigman. The defendants asked for separate trials which was granted. The trial of Bishop was set for to-day (Friday).

—PERSONAL.—Miss Lou Grant, a very handsome young lady from Lancaster, is stopping with her father at the Joplin House. Hon. P. B. Thompson, Jr., was here this week shaking hands with the people. He made a decidedly pleasant impression. Among the visiting attorneys present at Court are Capt. R. F. Holman, Manchester; Judge Paul, London; Judge C. B. Martin, McKee; Judge M. C. Sauley and Hon. J. W. Alcorn, Stanford; Col. W. O. Bradley, Lancaster; Judge W. O. Hunsford and E. F. Bobbitt, Crab Orchard; Judge J. D. Helden and W. B. Knott, Lebanon.

Mr. Hugh Smith, of Lancaster, and Mr. W. M. Howard, of East Bernstadt, were here this week. Judge Adams, of this county, has formed a law partnership with Col. N. D. Miles, of Nicholasville, and will leave for that place to-morrow. He had a long experience at the bar here, in a man of good business attainments, and the good wishes of the people here go with him to his new home.

—Circuit Court convened Monday morning. In the absence of Judge Wesley, Judge James G. Carter was elected special judge. The grand jury was charged by Col. R. C. Warren, Commonwealth's Attorney. Judge Wesley arrived Monday afternoon and has presided since. At the time of his arrival he was quite unwell, but his health has improved wonderfully since then. He is now looking and feeling better than he has been for weeks. Nearly the whole of the Commonwealth's docket has been disposed of and yet there has not been a jury trial. The case of the Commonwealth vs. Lambert Thompson, for larceny was called Wednesday and a jury selected. The case was then postponed to await the arrival of Col. T. Z. Morrow, who is the defendant's chief counsel. The case of the Commonwealth vs. W. G. Smith, for murder, was called with leave, the principle, and in fact the only important witness for the State having gone to Texas. The Nunnally murder case from Putnam was on yesterday's docket with poor prospects for a trial, the chief prosecuting witness being now out. The trial of the two Cobbs, now in the Stanford jail, who are indicted for manslaughter, is set down for next Tuesday. The case against Robert Randall, for murder, was continued. The grand jury have indicted Thomas Moore for manslaughter. Moore, it will be remembered, shot John Burton in a difficulty here some weeks ago. Burton has since died of his wounds. Moore has left the county.

ABUSE OF PUBLIC MEN.

The people of free countries ought to be particularly considerate of the reputation of public men who are faithful to their trusts. Such men are the people's servants, whom they have chosen, and who are doing their work. If these men are to be made the victims of the dishonor and reproach of those who choose them, and it is certain that the people must defray the cost of their misdeeds.

In private life a man is not respected who abuses his clerks, and has no regard for their reputations or their characters. We say that he is a scurvy fellow; that he lacks some of the qualities that are essential in a good business man. We are not surprised when his clerks prove unfaithful, or he proves unsuccessfull, through poor judgment in his business undertakings.

The same principle, in a degree, applies to public men. We who select them, who pay them, who are responsible for them, are bound to give them the fairest chance to do well. We are foolish if we do not. We are like a man who should pay a large sum for a horse, and then give him unhealthy food, or lame his fore feet.

Next to the man who ill-treats a woman, we despise the American citizen who treats a public man with personal disrespect, for mere party reasons. Why do we so universally abuse a man who abuses a woman? Because a man is physically stronger than a woman, and, ordinarily, she cannot defend herself. No more can a President, or a Cabinet Minister, or most public officials. Etiquette commonly closes their mouths against the most brutal calumny. They stand as public targets, open to the shot of every passer-by who has malice in his heart.

Mind, we are now speaking of personal abuse only. Let there be the frankest and strongest criticism of public men as public men. If their measures are unwise or ill-timed, let the fact be stated with all needful emphasis and iteration. If there is good reason for thinking them corrupt their conduct should be probed and investigated. But while a public man is apparently trying conscientiously to do his duty every good citizen should regard an abusive personal attack upon him as an offense against himself.

Upon this point we will relate two small anecdotes. We noticed a while ago upon a friend's table, in a distant city, a copy of the weekly edition of the London Times. Seeing our look of curiosity, he said:

"Yes, I take the Times. I prefer to get my news now by way of London. I can afford to take only one newspaper, and in this one I have my news without any 'personalities.'"

Our other incident also occurred in a Western city. A gentleman retired from business was asked to become a candidate for election to Congress. His reply, in substance, was this:

"You know how our public men are abused, and why they are abused. Now, if I should accept your nomination, I might stand the abuse myself, but I do not want my children to read every morning in the papers that their father is a scoundrel or a fool."—Youth's Companion.

LITERALLY NO.

A young fellow riding down a steep hill, doubting if the foot of it was boggy, called out to a clown that was dithering and asked if it was hard at the bottom.

"Aye," answered the countryman, "it is hard enough at the bottom, I warrant you."

But in half a dozen steps the horse sank up to the saddle-girths, and made the young gallant whip and spur and utter oaths.

"You rascal," said he to the ditcher, "didn't thou not tell me that it was hard at the bottom?"

"Aye," said the ditcher, "but you are not half way to the bottom yet."

LITTER drops of rain brighten the meadows, and little acts of kindness brighten the world.

PROFESSIONAL.

T. W. & W. E. VARNON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, STANFORD, KY. Office in Wesley A. Son's new building—up stairs.

H. C. KAUFFMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LANCASTER, KY. Master Commissioner and Deputy Attorney. Will practice in all the Courts of Circuit and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

THOMAS P. RILEY, JR., ATTORNEY AT LAW, STANFORD, KY. Will practice in all the Courts of Circuit and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Office in Wesley A. Son's new building—up stairs.

ALEX. ANDERSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, DANVILLE, KY. Will practice in the Courts of Circuit and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

MATTHEW PRYTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND KENTUCKY FOR CANTY COURT, LEBANON, KY. Will practice in all the Courts of Circuit and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Special attention given to collections. Office over K. T. Pierce's store.

DR. J. G. CARPENTER, STANFORD, - - - - - KENTUCKY Office over Robt. S. Lytle's store. Office hours from 9 to 12 and 7 to 9 P. M.

J. J. WILSON, DENTIST, STANFORD, KY. Office and Residence, Upper Main St.

LEE F. HUFFMAN, SURGEON DENTIST, STANFORD, KY. Office—South side Main Street, two doors above the Myers Hotel. Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when required.

R. C. MORGAN, D. D. S. DENTIST. Will be in Stanford two weeks of each month, from first Monday. Dental rooms in St. Amph. Hotel, over McAister & Bright's. (See sign.) At Lancaster two weeks of each month from third Monday. Dental rooms in Mason House. (See sign.) Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when necessary. 427 ft

ST. VERNON ADVERTISEMENTS.

SAM M. BURDETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Mt. Vernon, Ky. Will practice his profession in Rockcastle and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Special attention given to collections.

J. E. VOWELS' VARIETY STORE! ST. VERNON, KY. Agency of South-Bend Chilled Plows, Avery's Cast and Steel Plows, Buckeye Reapers & Mowers, Sweepstakes Thrashers, Mitchell Farm Wagons, New Home Sewing Machines, Taylor's Elastic Bed Springs.

ST. ASAPH HOTEL Main St., Stanford, Ky.

JOHN DINWIDDIE, PRO'R. OPENED FEBRUARY 22, 1878

BOARD, \$2.00 PER DAY. Special Accommodation to Commercial Travelers. Baggage Transferred Free of Charge. I have recently taken charge of this house and intend to have first-class accommodations.

HIGGINS HOUSE! —STANFORD STREET— LANCASTER, - - - KENTUCKY

JOHN T. HIGGINS, PROPRIETOR. A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL. In every particular, the patronage of the public solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed. [15-17]

MYERSHOTEL, STANFORD, KY. E. H. BURNSIDE, - Propr.

This Old and Well-Known Hotel Still Maintains its High Reputation, —AND—

Its Proprietor is Determined that it shall be Second to no Country Hotel in the State in its Fare, Appointments, or Attention to Comfort of its Guests.

Baggage will be conveyed to and from the depot free of charge. Special accommodations in Commercial Travelers. The Bar will be always supplied with the choicest brands of Liquors and Wines.

Daugherty & Hyde Successors to Daugherty & Holmes, STANFORD, - - KENTUCKY. —MANUFACTURERS OF—

Fine Carriages, Buggies, AND PHAETONS.

WAGONS OF ALL KINDS. We manufacture Carriages of all descriptions, employing only first-class workmen and using only first-class material, and sell at reasonable figures—style, workmanship and material considered. [11] DAUGHERTY & HYDE.

DO NOT CONFUSE FOR AN ENGINE EITHER NEW OR SECOND HAND WITHOUT READING THE WARDEN BRAND CO. CHM CO.

Full line of SHUPTON and CHURCHES on bottom prices. Agents for the BOSTON MANUFACTURING CO. and the NEW ENGLAND MANUFACTURING CO.

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ACTUAL COST!

Many of the Weights Are Heavy Enough For Extreme Winter.

Men's Single Sole & Low-Cut Shoes and Ladies' Low-Cut Shoes & Slippers at Cost to Reduce Stock.

'Tis Early to Commence a Reduction for Fall Space, but our Stock is Large, and it Requires Time to Close; Hence the Slaughtering Prices.

Read the following differences in prices and see our earnestness:

\$25.00 SUITS AT \$18.00	20.00 SUITS AT 16.00
18.00 SUITS AT 15.00	16.00 SUITS AT 13.50
15.00 SUITS AT 12.50	12.50 SUITS AT 10.00
10.00 SUITS AT 8.00	9.00 SUITS AT 7.50
8.00 SUITS AT 6.00	7.00 SUITS AT 5.50
5.00 SUITS AT 4.00	
\$6.00 SHOES AT \$5.00	5.00 SHOES AT 4.00
4.00 SHOES AT 3.25	3.00 SHOES AT 2.50
2.50 SHOES AT 2.00	

\$3.50 LADIES' SHOES AT \$3.00	3.00 LADIES' SHOES AT 2.50
2.50 LADIES' SHOES AT 2.00	2.00 LADIES' SHOES AT 1.50

\$2.25 LADIES' SLIPPERS AT \$1.65	2.00 LADIES' SLIPPERS AT 1.50
1.75 LADIES' SLIPPERS AT 1.35	1.50 LADIES' SLIPPERS AT 1.25
1.25 LADIES' SLIPPERS AT 1.00	

\$4.00 STRAW HATS AT \$3.50	3.00 STRAW HATS AT 2.75
2.00 STRAW HATS AT 1.50	1.50 STRAW HATS AT 1.00
1.00 STRAW HATS AT .75	.75 STRAW HATS AT .50

Boys' and Youths' Clothing, Shoes and Hats in Same Proportion.

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